BAD SERVICE -the prom night

MR.JONES HAS A SCARE

The night was crisp and ripe , the lot cleared as the kids piled onto the bus after the school dance. bad jokes filled the air as they chattered about the trip home. The gym had been alive with bright lights and music, but now, it was time to head home. The regular bus driver couldn’t make it, inconvenient it would seem ,so Mr. Jones, a substitute teacher, had stepped up as the chaperone. He was kind but a little strict, ensuring that the kids behaved while they waited for a new driver to arrive.

The students settled into their seats loud and musty , some still wearing their colorful dance outfits leaving crumbs and snacks in aisle , while others changed into comfy clothes, live chatted on phones and played rap songs on i-pod radio . Fiona, a bubbly girl with curly hair, whispered to her friends, Tom and Sasha , about how much fun they had dancing. Meanwhile, at the front of the bus, Mr. Jones tried to keep everyone in line. “Come on, you guys,” he said, “we have to wait for the driver to arrive.” he was tired. He didn't want to come in today but somebody had to.

Minutes turned into twenty, and just as the kids began to complain about how late it was getting, a bright light flashed outside the bus. The students glanced at the window, their faces lit with interest . The outline of a large, black Cadillac rolled smoothly up to the curb. A figure emerged, and as he stepped into the light, a collective gasp filled the bus.

The man was old and wore a large hat that shaded his eyes. Long gold chains hung around his neck, and a thick, braided beard flowed down to his chest. There was something about him that felt unsettling. His presence was commanding but disturbing at the same time. He reached out to Mr. Jones to get the keys. “Alright then, kids,” he boomed in a deep voice riddled with a strange accent , “I’m your new driver for the night MR.C ” As he climbed aboard, the air in the bus seemed to shift.

“Mr. Jones, are we sure this guy is okay?” whispered Tom, glancing sideways at his friends. The substitute teacher looked equally uneasy but put on a brave face. “Just listen to him, kids. Let’s get home safe.” In head he thought to himself, where in the h-ll did they get this guy, they sure know how to pick them” none the less it was already pass eight and they wanted to drop the kids off at bus station to pick a ride with there

parents. Wasn't a good fit but they didnt have a choice. A dead silence filled the air as he settled in.

The driver introduced himself as Mr. C. He had an odd way of speaking, mixing strange phrases with laughter that sent shivers down the kids' spines. “Let’s take a little trip, shall we?” he said with a wide, unsettling grin his teeth stained his eyes wide and dead , he looked like something out a horror film rather than a driver . The tires began rolling and the door closed quickly bringing in the last of the cold night air. “quiet down children” Mr. Jones said loudly he didn't like all the noise.”

The bus started rolling down the dimly lit street. As they drove away from the school, the familiar streets faded. Everything around them turned dark, shadows loomed, and the moonlight struggled to shine through the thick trees lining the forgotten road. He didn't seem to know the way to the bus station or even the way to freeway .

“Where are we going I never seen this part of the city before ?” Fiona asked nervously, peering out the window. The road twisted downward, and the bus bounced along potholes as the darkness embraced them.

“Just a shortcut,” Mr. c replied, his tone almost playful. “Don’t worry, kids!” But there was an edge to his voice that made it hard to trust him.

Suddenly, the bus hit a bump, and everyone jolted. “Whoa!” said Sarah, gripping her seat. The kids began to murmur nervously at the chaotic driving. “Can you slow down?” Tom shouted, but Mr. c only laughed, seemingly enjoying the wild ride. He then lit up a cigar that was quickly stopped by Mr. Jones. “aye, you know this is a school bus right, you cant smoke that on here” “right, a school bus” Mr. Charles said begrudgingly. “what in the heck was the wrong with this guy, Mr. jones pondered taking a sip of Gatorade.

"They need to learn to embrace the darkness," he cackled, glancing in the rearview mirror with a glint in his eye that sent chills down their spines. The kids looked at each other, fear creeping into their hearts. “what did he say” one of the children whispered.

As they descended further down the hill, the surroundings grew increasingly strange. The trees looked gnarled, their branches twisted like skeletal hands reaching out. The only light came from the bus's headlights, illuminating eerie

shapes that flitted in the shadows.

“Mr. Jones!” Fiona cried, her voice shaky. “Maybe we should just go back!” The rest of the kids exchanged worried glances, but their teacher’s face was set in worry, his eyes searching Mr. C’S reflection.

“Where are we?” Mr. Jones asked, his voice firm. “You said a shortcut, but this seems wrong.”

Mr. C turned to him with a wide grin. “Oh, don’t worry. We’re just getting to the fun part!” And with that, he slammed down on the accelerator, sending the bus careening down the steep hill. Rocking and swaying the bus struggled terribly down a steep neighborhood hill knocking down several mailboxes along the way.

Screams filled the bus as they tumbled faster and faster into the night, the trees becoming blurry streaks of darkness. Suddenly, the bus hit a bump so hard that everyone flew briefly out of their seats. When they landed, it felt as though they had entered an abyss. Now snug motionless everyone breathed heavily silently not looking up, assuming they were dead at the most.

In one sudden moment, the bus's lights flickered and then went out, plunging them into darkness. Panic erupted; kids screamed, and cries filled the air.

“Mr. Jones! What do we do?” Tom shouted. Attempting to keep calm, Mr. Jones shouted over the noise, “Everyone, stay calm! We’ll find a way out of this!” Mr Jones began looking for a weapon but couldn't find anything.

But before he could say anything more, a sharp turn careened them off the road. The bus skidded, and Mr. C’s laughter echoed through the night. “Welcome to my world, kids!”

“prepare to meet my brothers, were going a little trip you little boogers were going to Vood-da-lla!”

He turns around and light go black, only his large hat red eyes and claws in the moon light shown .

His clawed nails slowly wrapped around the steering wheel and aggressively swayed from left to right.

“ VOODALLA? is that a like quick trip of seven eleven , I'm starving I could use a snack ” “what?” “you not serious, tell me you not serious” “the young white girl looked away in shame.

The bus almost turned over on its side, they all scream in a chorus of horrifying sounds, after tumbling down a dramatic large residential neighborhood.

Just as quickly as it started, the bus came to a stop. They had suddenly arrived at a clearing lit by a ghostly light that seemed to come from the trees. But Mr. Charles , the mischievous grin still on his face, simply opened the bus doors and stepped out he glanced at them slowly grinning waving with his talon like claws , in a instant he disappeared into the fog by the trees .

The kids were left in deafening silence, breathlessly staring at the darkness outside. After doing role call turned out several kids where

missing , never found again, it was like they just disappeared . He had taken them but nowhere knew to where or how?

“Where did he go?” Sarah whispered, fear creeping back in crawling along the floor afraid to stand .

“We need to get back home,” Mr. Jones said, trying to keep his voice steady. But deep down, they all knew that something was wrong, and whatever Mr. Charles had in mind, they were not ready for it he seemed dark and without reason or thought almost an evil judge of sorts.

They were trapped in the dark, and the night was far from over. The police arrived an hour later, and found no evidence of Mr. C- and the bus driver department had no idea who they were talking about.